

ordinary kicker are direct. He will kick the polite kick hunter out of his way, and go at his object in a most primitive fashion. He demands attention, satisfaction, and lots of other things. Of course all wise people know that he gets a great deal more than he wants. How inexorable are the laws of compensation. The opacity of his perceptions and the rather firm texture of his sensibilities may be a sort of armor for him, but people who see things as they are pity him, and he is really to be pitied. The world is made up of those who build and those who pull down. How much better it is to be a builder, a helper, a brother in the day of trouble and the day of battle, upon whom one feels safe to lean. Manifold are the sorrows and discouragements of this life, and it is not a service to be envied to add to these, and to make heavy the hearts of those who are trying to do the work of the world.

A Good Example

It is a characteristic of New York women that they never allow the weather to interfere with any plans they may have made, particularly social plans. The weather is never taken into consideration. Rain or shine, the woman of this city keeps going. That is her object in life, to keep going. Everybody knows of course that the rain is never so wet, the wind is never so high or so cold, the health is never so delicate at any other time than about ten o'clock of a Sunday morning. If it is a ball or a banquet, the hardy society people are not so easily deterred by a little matter of bad weather. It is astonishing with what facility people of the world can provide for their personal pleasure or profit, and with what indefatigable perseverance they can assault insuperable obstacles. This high energy however regularly relaxes once a week into a distressing languidity, when the grasshopper becomes a burden, and such a thing as spending an hour in public worship painfully taxes the imagination even to think of it. "Ye said also, Behold what a weariness is it, and ye have snuffed at it, saith the Lord of hosts."

Brief Notes

No calling needs more courage than religion.

It takes clear grit to fight the world, the flesh, the devil, principalities, powers, spiritual wickedness in high places.

The people who tell you how much better they could have done it are hardly ever there to do it.

Curb your temper and be a man. Give it free reign and be an animal.

He who does not love is alive only to his own misery. Affection is the soul's daily need.

God loveth a cheerful giver. What is it that you give him cheerfully.

When a laboring man undertakes to support a family and a saloon at the same time, the saloon will grow rich and the family grow poor.—*Ex.*

Longfellow uttered a great truth when he said, Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.

Another river of investigation and reform is to be turned into the Aegean stables of the New York City government. The job needs frequent repetition.

The Pennsylvania Pure Food Commission has arrested the agents of the Chicago meat packers for selling embalmed beef in Pittsburg. It is criminal to put poisoned food on the market for profit, and the crime is as odious in respect to moral and intellectual food.

The young women of Greenport, L. I. have signed an agreement refusing to marry any young man who drinks. If the girls were unanimous in this method, the drink business would soon have a black eye.

A woman convict in Indiana refuses to leave prison without a pardon, claiming that she is innocent, and will not accept anything short of official recognition of her innocence. Innocence is the ground of our pardon before God—the actual innocence of our Substitute, and the judicial innocence with which this substitution clothes us.

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis who recently succeeded to Lyman Abbott's pulpit in Beecher's church, Brooklyn, preached last Sunday on Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." This is the second known instance of a preacher taking a text for a Sunday discourse outside of the Bible, the other being a sermon by Theodore Parker in Boston on Shakespeare. Dr. Hillis appears to be inclined to introduce Chicagoan ideas into the rather more conservative east. His first sermon in Plymouth church had for its subject "The Genius of Christ," in which he eloquently described the intellectual side of the Savior. Hillis is one of those brilliant young orators which the west is now turning out in all the professions where oratory figures as the chief implement of trade, and by presenting the element of up-to-date sensationalism in his themes, texts from novels, scientific analyses of divine character, etc., he is attracting his full share of that public attention which ought to be directed to the gospel.

There is truth and shrewd good sense in this saying of a New York brewer: "The church people can drive us when they try, and we know it. Our hope is in working after they grow tired, and continuing to work 365 days in the year." Here is an important lesson for the churches to learn. To rout the liquor traffic and drive it from the field requires unceasing effort. Let us not be weary in well doing. Against a united church the united saloon power must go, for God is with the church.

An item from an exchange says the First Congregational church of Elyria, Ohio, is about to dedicate a new \$50,000 stone structure in which the "Institutional idea" of church work will be carried out. A bowling-alley is the chief attraction among the basement fixtures. We venture that the attraction in the basement will have a larger attendance of young men and with longer hours than the attractions of the upper room where the pastor of the church figures most prominently. The idea of the "Institutional church" rests on the false position that the "social club" is a necessity. It is a necessity if the "club" is what God meant it to be, the home. However, if admissions should be charged to the bowling alley and other attractions in the lower regions of this church, that department might become a very important factor in keeping the machinery of the upper regions going.

Says Thomas a Kempis: "Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing better either in heaven or earth, because love is born of God, and, rising above all created things, can find its rest in him alone."

A smart young clubman in one of our larger cities recently ate five yeast cakes to decide a wager. He had always been a swell, but in a short time he became a "howling swell," and it took doctors, hospitals, antidotes and lots of things to keep him from

swelling the "great majority." Now and then we read of wagers and contests similar to this one, testing the capacity for physical endurance, gluttony, or some other form of animalism ad nauseum. What's the matter with most of these brainless fools is that they have no wholesome or useful work to do. They are usually well supplied with money, or are backed with wealthy patrons who support them for gambling purposes, and the result is a disgusting development of detestable brutality. How much better it would be for these fellows if they had to work hard on a farm somewhere.

If there is one lesson our late war experience has borne in on the nation, it is that we had better be mighty shy of a real war with a real power. So we may make our moral battles exceedingly useful to us if by the experience of them we learn our weaknesses. But woe to the man who will not learn.

If you take pleasure in listening to conversation about the defects of your neighbors, you can easily imagine a situation where the relative position of yourself and your neighbor is exactly reversed. The law of compensation is awfully impartial.

A Paris philanthropist has founded five valuable scholarships the conditions of which are that the recipients shall travel everywhere and thoroughly study the social and political problems of the world. Men are everywhere willing to receive gifts on agreeable conditions, but the great "gifts of eternal life," beside which all others sink into nothing, is neglected because of the self-sacrifice which is one of its conditions. And yet this self-sacrifice is in itself an act of the greatest wisdom, for it is the selfish self, the evil self, the unclean self, which we are called upon, as much by the interests of our present happiness as our eternal and glorious destiny, to sacrifice. Oh, that there were more men to teach men the highest, the only wisdom.

Says Dr. Barton: "The world has need of knowledge, but a larger need of insight. It needs information less than inspiration and impulse. I sometimes think that people are destroyed by excess of knowledge, and long to have them forget a little, that truth may strike them with some degree of freshness. I believe that there is no greater fallacy than the common opinion that the mere learning of the facts is a panacea for the world's ills. What the world needs is what Christ came to teach—the nearness of God to common life, the sacredness of what we call the secular, the reality of the spiritual world, present and future, and a conception of the glory of working together with God which shall make life dignified and earnest."

A Prayer by St. Augustine

O God, the Light of every heart that sees Thee, the Life of every soul that loves Thee, the Strength of every mind that seeks Thee, grant me ever to continue steadfast in Thy holy love. Be Thou the joy of my heart, take it all to Thyself, and therein abide. The house of my soul is, I confess, too narrow for Thee; do Thou enlarge it, that Thou mayest enter it; it is ruinous, but do Thou repair it. It has that within which must offend Thine eyes: I confess and know it; but whose help shall I implore in cleansing it, but Thine alone? To Thee, therefore, I cry urgently, begging that Thou wilt cleanse me from my secret faults and keep Thy servant from presumptuous sins, that they never get dominion over me. Amen.

Self-denial is a virtue of the highest quality, and he who has it not and does not strive to acquire it, will never excel in anything.—*Bishop Conybeare.*

Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based upon eternity. Find out your own task; stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work.—*Carlyle.*